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1901

Memoranda

[illegible]

Alex Wetmore
Roy M. Spaulding
N. F.

1901.

April.

April 13. Saturday.
This morning Jim Seely
and I took my new
camera and went up the
track. I tried to get pictures
of birds but as soon as I
got ready they were gone.
At the woods across the
track there were more
than 50 Ruby-crowned
Kinglets. They called and
sang all the time. They
kept very high up. Along
the track I saw 13 Cowbirds
in a small tree. I tried
to photograph a great
number of birds but

on one of Mrs. Russel's tree

Saw Brown Creepers
they always flew. We
went over by the Tamarack
swamps. Saw a great
number of Evening Grosbeaks
There were quite a few
Juncoes. We hunted for
that Chicadee nest it
was spoiled. They had
been a hole in [illegible] for about
8 inches and then put in
at the bottom to it. Saw
a single Myrtle Warbler.
On our way home we
heard a White eyed Vireo
singing.
then we went home.

April 14, Sunday.
this evening Jim Wiley

and I went down in the
fields. Saw a Cowbird fly
over. Found a Robin's nest
below Lisle's meadow in a
small elm It was plastered
with fresh mud. Saw Song
Sparrows mating. There
were a few tree Sparrows
here. Over by the Plum
orchard we saw the
tracks of a great Blue Heron

April 15, Monday.
This morning I saw
a Chipping Sparrow
Chasing a Robin that had
ventured near its nest.
The nest was being built
on one of Mrs Russel's trees

April 18, Wednesday.
This noon when I came home from school I heard a Purple Finch sing in front of Pittys. I followed it around for a short distance. It was rather wild. The English Sparrows bothered it when it sang.

April 20, Saturday.
This morning Jim Seely and I went up in at J. Northup's by the river. There were a few Juncoes here. Saw some Fox Sparrows, they were mating a little and were quite tame. The

crows over in the woods were chasing a Great Horned Owl. Crossed the river in a boat. We over by the railroad bridge. Saw a male and a female Cowbird. They sat close together. The male gave his bubbling song and bowed to her. Went out on the middle pier of the bridge. Saw two Robins make the start of their nest. It was on a flange of the ironwork about a foot below the top of the bridge and about 4 feet from the rails. trains were passing frequently.

Each one laid a beakful of grass at the spot and then nestled down as if in the nest. Those were the very first straws. They were not afraid. We waited for some time but they did not bring any more. Went over in A Hacketts woods. Saw a number of Kinglets of both species.

A Flicker lit like a robin in a tree and gave a loud wick wick wick wick and then flew on and gave it again.

By the bridge we heard a Ruby-crowned Kinglet sing. I got the first

words of its song but not the last. chee chee chee tur tur tur and then a warble. The notes I got were given in a hurried manner. The 1st 3 were accented.

Saw the broad tracks of a Great Blue Heron along the river. Saw a G.C. Kinglet. Then we went home.

April 21, Sunday.

This morning I went down in the fields before breakfast. Saw a Pair of Barn Swallows the first of the year. Meadowlarks were

mating. The Red-wings were flying around screaming and singing. The chickens were very afraid of them.

Father and I drove up to the county farm. We went over to the Baine Hill.
Vesper Sparrows were scattered along thickly. Saw a White-rumped Shrike fly out of a clump of trees ahead and hovered over a spot a hundred feet from its perch. It hung there with rapidly beating wings

for fully two minutes and then dashed about 20 feet to the ground. A Coopers Hawk swept down about 20 feet above us. I could plainly see the barred tail. At Ablemans I watched some Flickers. They flew around and fed on the ground. They seemed to have a nest in a large elm. A troop of 8 Bluejays camping hunting through an apple orchard.
On the hill I saw several Prairie Horned Larks.
On our way home I

saw a Red tailed Hawk.

Bruce McCoy shot a Loon on the mill pond today. It was feeding. He sent it off to be stuffed.

April 25, Thursday.
This morning I saw a single White-crowned Sparrow in Mr. Fiske's garden.

After school I went down in the fields. In Maine's woods I 3 Bank Swallows. Two appeared to be mates. The mated male chased the other away until he

finally left. Saw a Barn Swallow. Scared up several Quail. They are widely scattered. Saw one flock of ten and they were all females.
On my way home I looked at that Robins nest below Fiske's pasture. There were 3 eggs in it.
Saw 2 Wilson's Snipe in Fiske's marsh. They were hard to flush.
Then I went home.

April 26, Friday.
This morning I was by Jim Patterson's. I heard a strange song which at

first resembled a long Sparrows. I saw the bird in a woodpile. It was about as large as a chipping sparrow and rather resembled one. Another one flew into the side of the woodpile. I saw that they were House Wrens. The song was hard to describe. It was rapid and pleasing. They flew into the sides of the woodpile. They were mating. The male's wings and tail drooped while singing. The female scolded the male. He would sit in front of her fluff up his feathers throw

his tail over his back and sing. As they sat about me in a tree the fluffed barred tail was conspicuous. They were not very tame.

Tonight after school I went over in Voll's. Scared up some quail at the ravine. Saw 3 Killdeer. Tapped all the trees I came to but did not find any woodpecker's nests. I found one that may belong to a White breasted Nuthatch as he was around. When he was near I he went around with spread tail and partly hung wings

through mating. By
Seley's Bend I scared up
a Green Heron. It flew into
a tree and put its head
under the branch on which
it sat to look at me. It
kept twisting its neck in
queer ways all the time.
It flew down to the river
again and I got right above
it, but it saw me before
I did it. It lit in a
tree again. It was
rather nervous and jerked
its tail all the time. Then
it flew into Seley's marsh.
A Red-wing chased it.
Then I went home.

After supper I went down
in the fields again. Saw
a single Rusty Blackbird
in Fisk's marsh. It said "chuck"
By a pond of water in
Maine's woods I scared up
the Green Heron again.
I followed it around & I
tried to sneak up to it
but could not.
Saw a Ruby-crowned
Kinglet drinking dew. It
drank without raising
its head.
After dark I scared up
the Green Heron from that
little slough. It was
roosting under a high bank.
It flew out with a

[illegible] sound quaquaqua
quawk quawk. The call was
shrill.
Heard an Owl hoot over
at the Hemlocks. It said
hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo. I
did not know what it
was.
Then I went home

April 27, Saturday.
This morning before
breakfast I heard a
Spotted Sandpiper. The
first of the year.

After breakfast Art
[illegible] and I went down
the track fishing. At

the marsh I heard a
Brown Thrasher sing.
There were a pair of
Spotted Sandpipers around
a pool of water. They were
quite tame. They would
wade out in get some
insect and then run
back to shore.
Went clear down to the
[illegible] River but I
saw a Robin's nest under
a ledge of rock.
At the flume I saw a
Wood hen. It sound
like a chicken.
Several Tree swallows
flew over giving the [illegible]
note.

There were a number of Bank Swallows. They sat in the trees while there. Saw a number of Myrtle Warblers. They were mostly males.
[illegible] [illegible] around Sparrows sing.
Song, Field, Vesper and Chipping Sparrows were singing in all directions.
Saw a large number Evening Grosbeak's across the river in Watsons woods.
We went up in the woods under some rocks. Saw a Yellow bellied Woodpecker

building its nest. The male was cutting out the inside. The entrance hole was so small that he had to make several efforts to get in. I could just see the tip of his tail. He would push a few pieces out of the hole and then fly off with one.
Then we went home.

Saw the House Wrens in our yard.
Took my camera and went down to get a picture of that Robin's nest. Another little one was

in the way and I had to tie it down. I think I got a good one.
In Maine's woods I saw a male Towhee. It acted much like a Catbird. It was tame. Saw a number of Quail. Tried to get a picture of a Ruby-crowned Kinglet but did not.
Then I went home.
Saw 2 Juncoes.

April 28, Sunday.
This morning when I got up I heard a Rose-breasted Grosbeak sing. The song was sweet and very varied.

It excelled any that I have heard before. It was full of pure toned turns and quivers.
Went down in the fields. In Maine's woods I saw 3 Brown Thrashers. Two were males. One male was courting. He flew around calling Kwut Kwit. The female followed and did not let him rest. They did not fly more than ordinarily fast. He sang a few notes occasionally. They would sit on the ground and hop and then keep working higher

until above the trees.
The other male sang. He
mocked the notes of a
Meadowlark, Killdeer,
Redwinged Blackbird, Robin
and the fighting note of a
Song Sparrow and the
songs of the Rose-breasted
Grosbeak, Fox Sparrow
and Tree Sparrow.
Heard a Baltimore Oriole
Then I went home

This afternoon I went
over across the river.
Found a Bluebird nest
in a stub by the ravine.
It contained 6 eggs. I
tapped lightly on the

stub and the female
came up and sat on the
edge of hole and looked at
me. Then she flew off
with a note like quitit
quitit quit. She was not
alarmed at all but sat
on a limb preening her
feathers for about 10
minutes. The male was
nearby. Then they went
off to get insects.
In Volk's woods were a
great number of Myrtle
Warbler. They were
singing. They were not
very tame. In Lyon's
woods were a number
of White-~~throated~~

Sparrows. They sang.
One was an especially
fine singer he gave "I
know he hed a peabody
peabody". The first note
was the rising inflection
and sounded as sweet
as an organ. They seemed
never to have done.
Then I went home.

April 29, Monday.
This morning I saw
Two Chimney Swifts
flying around high up.
Heard a Bobolink singing
In the air. I always
see the first one as it
flies over singing.

Heard a male Rose-breasted
Grosbeak singing.
Several Baltimore Orioles
were hunting in the trees.
Heard a Spotted Sandpiper
as it flew over.
A Towhee singing up on
the hill.

This evening a Whip-poor-
will sang several times.

April 30, Tuesday.
This morning there was
a male Purple Martin on
Seeley's house.
Chimney Swifts were quite
thick. A great number
of Cliff Swallows were

flying around the school house
Heard another Bobolink.
The Orioles were very thick
this morning.

After school I saw one
Mourning Dove chase
another away from the
first's mate.
Saw a Kingbird the
first of the year.
Heard a Whippoorwill
and several Owls.

May

May 1, Wednesday.
This morning I went
down in the fields after
breakfast. In the ditch
by Maine's woods a Song
Sparrow flew from her
nest. It contained one
egg. It was built in
under the grass. She was not
alarmed. Chipping Sparrows
were thick. The woods were
full of Myrtle Warblers
in song. They had 3 songs.
swil swil swil swill swee swee
sometimes se-it was
prefixed to it.
chwee chwee chwee chwee chwee chwee
and a trill like a Chipping
Sparrow only not so loud

and sibilant. Saw a mated pair of Downy Woodpeckers. They gave quick harsh indrawn notes like chit chit.
There were a great number of White throated Sparrows here They sang and gave sharp notes like tsē tsē in a metallic tone.
Saw a Mourning Dove chasing a female.
Flickers were common. Two have a nest across the river
Cowbirds were flying past all the time.
I could hear Quail in all directions
There were a few American

Goldfinches and of course English Sparrows were there. Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were common.
Heard a Warbling Vireo sing
The White-throated Sparrows looked much like English Sparrows when on the ground.

This evening I heard a Yellow-billed Cuckoo call. A Male Purple Martin flew over

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May 2, Thursday.
Saw another Kingbird this evening. The English
Heard a Lisa

Sparrows still roost in Mrs. Russel's tree in great numbers.

May 3 Friday
went down in the fields saw several Killdeer. In Mairn's woods heard several Warbling Vireos. Found a Robin's nest in a little crab by the slough. It contained 3 eggs. Went over on the island. Found a Song Sparrow's with 5 eggs in it. It was under ~~some~~ weeds.

May 4, Saturday
Heard a Catbird sing this

morning.
Some Bluejays are building in Mrs. Petty's trees.
Heard a Bobolink singing in Fisk's meadow.
After breakfast I heard a strange song and found that it was Orchard Oriole the first I had ever seen. It was rather restless and flew from tree to tree. Its song was loud and pleasing and was given rapidly. It called much like the Baltimore Oriole.
Father and I drove over to Spauldings corners. We went up past Udell's.

Vesper were very thick. They would fly up from the sides of the road and light in front of the horse. When one did not want to be seen it would run through the grass with its head down and I could hardly see it. They sat on the fence posts and sang. There was quite a difference in the songs.
Saw some Quail behind a rail fence. They were not at all afraid. One unconcernedly walked up a rail.
Saw a number of Least Flycatchers.
Red-eyed Vireos were

singing in a directions. In one place I heard a single Maryland Yellow-throat.
Catbirds were quite thick.
Saw several Kingbirds. One was watching for insects while on the ground.
Warbling Vireos were also common.
Beyond Terry town there were Towhees on all the clearing. They seemed to prefer the the clearings overgrown with berry bushes.
Heard a Scarlet Tanager sing.
Field Sparrows were common. They were

mating and gave notes and acted like Chipping Sparrows.
We stopped at Jones. English Sparrows had built under the roof of a straw covered shed in great numbers. Most of the nests contained young. Saw one Killdeer.
Mourning Doves were very thick. They were mostly paired. I saw more than 20 near a pond. There was a Killdeer nest near the pond but I could not find it.
Saw a bird in a tree about 10 rods off. I

looked at it with the glass and saw it was a White-rumped Shrike. I came closer and saw its nest. The tree was a poplar about a foot through. 20 feet from the ground it had broken and bent over so that the top touched the ground. The nest was at the top about a foot below it in a mass of twigs. I walked up one of the limbs. The male which I had seen flew away then. I looked under the limb and my face nearly touched the old bird. She flew off. The nest was made of

sticks and weeds and lined thickly with chicken feathers the feathers stuck up over the edge and arched over so as to nearly cover it. The nest contained 5 eggs. They were a light creamy white and were spotted with cinnamon-brown and lavender mostly in a wreath at the large end.
The female was much excited and gave a harsh rattling note like hitting two pebbles together and the usual harsh kra kra she perching almost within reach ~~[illegible]~~ but the male

flew to another tree.
She spread her tail and drooped her wings.
I took a picture of the nest - The wind nearly blew me out of the tree
On the way home I heard a Scarlet Tanager and a Redstart sing. I heard a large flock of Evening Grosbeaks in Lona woods.
Then we went home.

May 5, Sunday.
This morning before breakfast I went down in the fields.
In Maune's woods were

lots of birds. I was walking along the river bank when I saw a movement in the bushes and weeds below me. I stood still and a bird stepped into sight. It did not notice me but it seemed to think that something was wrong. It was very handsome. It twisted its head around and quirked its tail in a queer way. It stepped around gingerly and finally flew a little ways in a weak fluttering way to another willow clump and hid

so that I could not find it.
Heard a Least Flycatcher.
Then I went home.

After breakfast I went over in T. Hackett's woods.
Red eyed and Warbling Vireos were numerous and I saw saw several yellow-throated Vireos.
Heard a peculiar wren like song. It was made of harsh notes like that which a House Wren starts its song with. I had some difficulty in locating it. Finally I traced it to a tall tree and

saw that the bird was a Black throated Green Warbler. There were two of them.
Redstarts were singing in all directions.
Saw two or three Wood Thrushes they were rather wild. They called loudly when scared up.
Went out on the peninsula beyond the R.R. bridge. Saw a Male Maryland Yellow throat in some thorn apple trees.
Heard an Indigo Bunting singing.
Across the river by the big pine I saw a number of Bluejays getting

acorns from the ground. They would hold them in their bills while they flew to a branch and then hold them under one of their feet while they split them open.
Saw a Chipping Sparrow that had lost its tail. It could not fly well. It appeared to be mating. Then I went home

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This afternoon I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. I tapped lightly on the Bluebirds box with a pencil. She flew to the pole and sat there looking at me for a while and then

flew off. Heard an Orchard Oriole call and saw it once.
In the edge of the woods I scared up an olive-backed thrush from a place that the water had washed out. It was not very wild but always sat with its back towards me. It was silent. The back was uniform olive. A streak of cream buff spotted with blackish extended around on the side neck.
Scarlet Tanager were common. They were all males.
When I reached the Hemlocks I heard a queer harsh

song and identified it as the Parula Warbler. It kept moderately high high up. A blackish blur on the yellow breast was a good mark.
Another constant song was that of the Ovenbird. It was like teacher' teacher' teacher' teacher' teacher' teacher uttered rapidly and accented on the last syllable markedly. It began in a low tone and gained in pitch and volume like: ——. The birds were rather hard to locate as they gave no notes but the song which seemed

at first to come from far off and at the end seemed to be under my feet. When seen they would generally be in the lower branches and small trees. They would walk along the limb and stop and throw up the head to sing. The underparts were white streaked with black. As it throws back its head to sing the orange-yellow of the crown is visible. They walked like doves and were very graceful. They were tame. The Ovenbirds, Olive backed Thrushes, Parula and Black throated Green Warblers

were the first I had ever seen. It was a good bird day. On my way home I saw another Olive backed Thrush.

Then I went over to Kapelki's. Ed Lyons set me across the river in a boat. Found a single Song Sparrows nest near there. It contained 4 eggs of its own and one of a Cowbird. In Seeleys Marsh I saw 3 more nests. One I hunted for some time before I found it. It was set in the top of a clump of grass. It contained 4 eggs. They were greenish blue blotched

and spotted with rufous.
The other nests contained
5 eggs each. One was set
in the side of a tussock of
grass and the other
under a stick in a thick
clump of tag alders. None
of the birds were much
alarmed. They slipped off
the nests and ran along
the ground like mice for
a few feet and then flew
away.
Then I went home.

May 9, Thursday.
This evening after school
I found a Phoebe's nest
under the eaves of Dockham's

barn. It contained 3 eggs.
Heard the Wren singing
and looked for its nest but
did not find it.
Went down by Seely's.
Heard a number of
Indigo Buntings singing.
Saw the Green Heron in
the marsh. It squatted
down to hide. After awhile
it flew up and circled
around several times and
then flew west. It flew with
indrawn neck and extended
feet.
Saw a Sora in the
marsh as it went across an
open place.
Then I went home.

This evening Art Rudy and I went up on the hill to hear the whippoorwills. We did not get west far enough to have them right above us. There were 6 or 8 of them. Once 4 sang together. It was a confused noise with whip notes running through it.

May 10, Friday.
Tonight after School I heard several Wood Thrushes singing.
Saw 3 Martins flying around
Saw a Chest-nut sided warbler in Trumbulls trees It sang.

May 11, Saturday
This morning Art Rudy and I took our dinners and went down the track. By the depot a pair of Bank Swallows have started to dig their nests.
In that Bluebird's nest in the hollow post there were young.
Saw a Yellow Warbler in Voeck's marsh It was singing.
Many birds were along the track to pick up gravel. Saw a Prairie Horned Lark Vesper Sparrows and 4 Mourning Doves eating gravel close to one another!

In the woods close to the flume we saw a large Great Horned Owl several times. The woods here were a succession of rises and hollows. That Yellow-bellied Woodpecker's nest was not alone [illegible] I hit the tree but nothing came out. I climbed up a little sapling by it. One of them lit on the tree and gave a low call and the other came out with some pieces of wood. Then the first one went in and the other staid by the door.

Heard a song coming continually from the top of

tree. It was like fe tsia tsia chippy chippy chippy. The first was like that of a Field Sparrow and the second like a Chipping Sparrow. It was hard to locate and when I had found it I could not identify it. It was so high up. Finally it joined its mate in the brush and I saw that it was a Lark Sparrow the first that I had ever seen. It looked much like a White-throated Sparrow on its back. There was a black spot on its breast. The head was marked peculiarly with white. It was rather wild and

was seen high in the trees again.
Heard a Maryland Yellow throat give a song like: writ writ rit it [illegible] repeated twice. There were Red-winged Blackbirds in the fields. The males were mating and chased the females all the time. The latter gave a note like krā krā krā!
Heard a Warbling Vireo give a note like chutt chut
Saw several Yellow-throated Vireos. They were quite tame.
Went over to the Hemlocks.
Found a Coopers Hawk's nest in a large [illegible] about 50 or sixty feet up. It was made

of sticks with a loose rim around it and contained 3 pale blue eggs. The female stayed on the nest until I was half way up. It took 25 minutes to get up and down.
Then we went over the rocks. Saw a single hooded Warbler for an instant.
Ovenbird were very [illegible] and we saw several Parula Warblers. It was threatening rain all the time. About noon we took our things up to the little cave. I was stooping to get under a little bush that stood by the foot of a [illegible] when a Female Partridge flew from her nest right under my

feet. Her rising hit me in the neck and she nearly ran into it. The nest was as large as a plate and was at the foot of a tree. It was made of leaves and contained 13 buffy white or ochracious buff eggs. The female was laying yet. I took one.

After dinner we went south along Hemlock Creek. There was a narrow valley here. We followed it to its end. At one place there were a lot of berry bushes and I heard Chewinks and Field Sparrows. Prairie Horned Larks and Vesper Sparrows were common and we saw a few Bluebirds.

Then we went home.

May 12, Sunday.
This afternoon I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. I stopped for a while at the ravines. Heard a Catbird sing so low that I could hardly hear it. Saw some Quail. Went over in Doll's woods. Found a Song Sparrow's nest with 4 of its own and 2 Cowbird's eggs in it. The female was not on the nest. The sparrow's eggs had a sharply defined wreath around the large end. Saw some Quail fly up in a tree to sun themselves. They

kept up a continual chatter. Fritz Kapelke showed me a Chipping Sparrow's nest in a gooseberry bush. The female sat on it while I looked at her. The nest contained 4 eggs. Went over to the Bluffs. Saw the old partridge on her nest. She looked very large. She never moved and I could hardly distinguish her from the leaves. Saw two or 3 Ruby-throated Hummingbirds. When the old Cooper's Hawk saw me coming she flew off.

It looked like rain and I went into the little cave. The male Grouse began to drum.

It was like: thump thump thump thump thump thump thump thr-r-r-r-r-r-r growing faster all the time. He drummed at intervals of about 4 minutes. After a little the female flew off the nest to where he was. I went up and counted the eggs. She had laid another making 13. Then I went home.

May 13, Monday.
Tonight after school Jim Seeley and I went down in the marsh. Saw a Ruby-throated Hummingbird. We went through the marsh looking for Soras. After we had gone

a short distance we could
hear them calling to each
other where we had not
seen any. Finally I saw
one. It was very pretty
and not very wild. Its
with tail was very
conspicuous. It held it up
like a wren. It raised its
feet high when it walked
and peered about in an
uncertain manner. We
could not find it again.
Scared up one and it flew
a short distance above the
weeds. It dangled its feet
and held its head up. It
looked funny. Then I
went home.

May 14, Tuesday.
This morning the Purple
Martins were thick
around my bird house.
The males would go
inside and call until
the females came in.
There are two full grown
males. They drove the
Sparrows away. Some
Bluejays are building in
Petty's tree. One came into
the yard and tore up some
paper and flew off with it.
Saw a female Rose-
breasted Grosbeak. two males
were courting her. They
flew as fast as they
could go.

Went up on Northrup's by the R. R. Bridge. Saw a single Yellow Warbler. Catbirds were thick. Found a Flicker's nest in a tall stub. Heard a Magnolia Warbler singing. The song was like: ~~reet rit rit rá cil ē tē~~. It was in the top of a tree. It is about as pretty a bird as I have seen. The underparts were yellow; breast and middle of belly streaked with black; underside of tail white, tipped with black; back olive, one white wing patch. It gave the song at short intervals

It was not restless but explored each limb thoroughly occasionally pausing to sing.
Saw a number of Myrtle Warblers.
Saw a Wilson's Thrush and several Wood Thrushes.
On my way home I saw a White-crowned Sparrow. Its tints were rich and harmonious and it was very beautiful.

May 15, Wednesday.
This morning I went up to the graveyard. Found a Phoebe's nest on the top of a window

in the tool house, Saw
a number of Chipping
Sparrows, Vesper
Sparrows were common
and were tame. Went
home through the woods.
Saw a single Black and
white Warbler. It moved
around leisurely and
stayed for some time
on one perch. It sang
incessantly like: su a
su a su a su a su a su ween.
Ovenbirds were common.
Then I went home.

May 16, Thursday
This evening I heard a
Wood Pewee.

The Martins are taking
in stuff for a nest. I
saw them in the garden.
The males fight.
Heard a Magnolia
Warbler sing

May 19, Sunday.
This morning before
breakfast I went down in
the fields. Meadowlarks and
Bobolinks were abundant.
The first bird to greet me in
Mann's woods was the
Wilson's Warbler just arrived.
They were everywhere in the
trees and bushes. They were in
full song. They sing about
once a minute or the

average. The song was chit chit chit chit chit Swee swee swee or Che che che. The last three syllables were sometimes trilled.
Heard a Brown Thrasher singing. Saw half a dozen male Goldfinches pursuing a female. They went where ever she did singing and occassionally having a tilt in the air.
Then I went home.

After breakfast I went over in T. Hacketts woods. Heard several Wood Pewees. It was warm and sunny. Wood Thrushes were very

common. One gave a note like ticky ticky tuck It was a queer sound. Their song was clear away
Heard a Black-throated Green Warbler singing.
Scared up a Barred Owl and followed it around. It was quite tame.
There were quite a number of Yellow-bellied Woodpeckers here. Then I went home.

This afternoon I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. The Warbling Vireos are back to the trees in Ristau's pasture. There was nothing in

the Bluebird's nest at the ravines. In Volls I saw a Black-billed Cuckoo and heard it call. Found a Song Sparrow's nest in the marsh in the side of a little Hummock. It contained 4 eggs.
The old Partridge was on the nest. She sat with her tail up against the tree. Heard the male drum and went down where he was. the ferns and bushes were so thick and high that you could not see. The sound seemed a great deal farther away than it was. I stepped carefully along

and hid as much as I could. Suddenly as I stepped from behind some ferns he rose from a log and went whirring up through the trees. It went up on the rocks and drummed again. The female left the nest and I looked in it. It only contained 12 eggs.
Then I went home.

May 20, Monday
This evening I saw a single Night Hawk. It called loudly and soon disappeared. Saw a Mourning Dove nearly get hit with a baseball.

May 21, Tuesday.
This evening I went up by Northrups. Saw another Nighthawk. It swept along just above the ground. Vesper Sparrows sang in all directions.

May 22 Wednesday.
This evening I heard a note like twr od twror down by the ditch. went down there and found a young Bluebird there. Some Robins had been feeding it apparently. The head and neck was dark slaty grey, back same; Center of feathers buffy white. Rump unmarked;

White ring around eye; White line from eye to nostril; large feathers of wings blue; The scapulars edged with rufous and the others with white; tail blue feathers edged with white; Dark streak across breast; underparts white streaked with rufous and slate grey. It was not wild but begged for food. I gave it a worm and it called for more. The Robins were much alarmed. They flew around calling. It was cold and the Bluebird hid in my coat. It had been raining and he was wet. It did not like

to be in my hand but hopped off and dropped without a flutter. I made it a nest of grass out of the wind and left it.

May 25, Saturday.
This morning I had to go to Altemans on the train. Took my dinner along and ate it on some rocks. A bluejay got a big piece of bread and carried it around for some time. He hid it in a log. Wood Thrushes were thick. Saw Robins out of the nest.

May 26, Sunday.
Went over in T. Hacketts woods to watch birds. went up the track. Saw a number of Vesper Sparrows. Robins and Chipping Sparrows were thick. In the edge of the woods was a Wood Thrush. It had several songs. I wrote one down. The song began and ended with a steely Krrrk. The song was Kr-r-rk queeon-stele Krrrk
The mosquitoes were very thick. Catbirds and Kingfisher's were abundant. There were numbers of Phoebes around the bridges.
Then I went home.

This afternoon I went out the south road to the Shrike's nest. The young were hatched and feathers were beginning to show on them. They were packed in like sardines. The female would sit within reach of my hand and give a stately tuck. They young had notes that reminded me of young chickens.

Went over to Donaghay's. Field Sparrows were very thick in a berry patch on the hill. The acted like Chippies. They were mating and had the same notes. Vireos were plentiful. Found a Quail's nest that something had robbed.

Went over to the Hemlocks. The Ruffed Grouse' nest had been robbed and the old one caught. Feathers and eggs were strung all over. Hard the male drum. He flew away when he saw me.

Then I went home.

May 29, Wednesday.

This afternoon Art Rudy and I went over to the Hemlocks. Found an Ovenbird's nest with 3 eggs in it. It was built under a little plant. It was like this arched over and the eggs underneath. The eggs were white spotted with rufous more

thickly around the large end.
The old one slipped off and
hid in the bushes. There were a
few purple spots on the eggs.
On our way home we found a
Spotted Sandpiper's nest with
3 eggs in it. It was built by
a large flat stone and was
partly covered by it. The
nest was flat plate like mat
of grass and was very scanty
The female flew off the nest
and across the river. She
was very anxious and
was joined by her mate.
On Lyons' peninsula we
found a Bluebird's nest in a
Woodpecker hole. She female
did not fly off when we

looked in.
Found a young Bluejay with
it brains eaten out by a
White-rumped Shrike.
Then we went home.

May 30. Thursday.
This morning I went down
in Fiske's pasture. An old
meadowlark seemed very
anxious and I hunted around
until I found his young.
The male makes all the fuss
and the female keeps quiet in
the meadowlark family.
One flew into a wire fence
and hung for an instant.
One ~~fl~~ lit in some tall grass
and could not rise and I

aught it. Crown, stripe through eye tail and upper parts fuscous the feathers edged with buffy; cinnamon spots on wings and back; line ~~through~~ below eye and above eye and through crown buffy; underparts yellowish; outer tail feathers white; sides streaked with fuscous; a few black spots on the breast. It did not try to get away by flying but wanted creep away and hide. It gave no note. Then I went home.

Mo June.

June 2 Sunday.
This afternoon I went over to the Hemlocks. Found a Chipping Sparrows nest in a gooseberry bush by Kapelki's. It contained eggs. The old one sat on the until my hand nearly touched it. Went on across the ~~river~~ creek. A Bluejay sat in the top of a large tree for a long time and never moved. A Male Rose-breasted Grosbeak fought another. It gave a note like squee squee. Took down a number of Wood Thrush notes; a harsh rolling tuck or pluck. Indigo Buntings and Phoebe's were very thick.

June 9, Saturday.
This morning Clarence Cook and I drove down to Curtiss's to make a picture of some young Owls. Saw a great number of Vesper Sparrows. They were in full song. A number of Crows were flying around. Saw a lot of Red-headed Woodpeckers on the telegraph poles. They had nests in them. Heard a few Grasshopper Sparrows. Saw a single Dickcissel on a Telephone wire.
When we got there the Owls were dead. They were Long-eared Owls. The nest was

in a small birch, and looked like a crow's nest. It was in a thick swampy piece of ground.
Catbirds, Brown Thrashers and other thicket loving birds were there in great abundance. I found 3 Brown Thrasher nests within a few rods of each other. Found a young Bluejay just out of the nest. It was sitting on the ground in the shade and when I took into the bright sun to be photographed it turned is bill straight up and went to sleep.
Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were very thick. Saw one Killdeer

It acted as if it had a nest. Then we went home.

June 10, Monday.
This forenoon it rained hard. Found a full grown young Bluejay that had its wings wet and could not fly. I caught it easily. By the big box-elder in the wood-yards I caught some young Rose-breasted Grosbeak's. They were not afraid but the female was much agitated.
Saw a Kingbird do a queer thing. It was flying along and gave a number of notes like: Krrrrt-yes

yes. at the beginning of the last 3 it would turn down quickly and then fly on. like ~~[illegible]~~ ——. It looked like a jerky sky dance.

St. Paul, Minn.
This afternoon I went up to St Paul. In Elroy and other towns I saw a few Purple Martins. It was wet and marshy in most places and I saw many Red-winged Blackbirds. A single Bronzed Grackle was seen. Field and Song Sparrows were very thick. Pigeon, Sparrow, sharp-shinned and Cooper's Hawk were

common. One Sharp-shinned
Hawk kept up with the train
for some distance.
Kingbirds sat on the fences
and never stirred.
At Valley Junction a Song
Sparrow sang all the time
that the train stopped.
Mourning Doves were
common. At small places
where the bush grew around
the station I heard Maryland
Yellow throats.
Saw a few Crows.

June 12, Tuesday.
This morning I went out
before breakfast. Was on
summit about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles

from end. There was a lot
of oak woods around and
birds were thick. Baltimore
Orioles were very common.
The song was entirely
different from our home birds.
It was broken and was
longer. It did not sound
as well as the home song.
Scarlet Tanagers were common.
The song was different. It was
more run together.
Heard a Crested Flycatcher call.
Wood Pewees and Bluejays
were common. The English
Sparrow was rare! Chimney
Swifts were common. Robins
were nesting in abundance.
One had a nest in a little

maple in the yard.

After breakfast Edmund Dibble came and we went over towards Marshall ave. I showed him a male Yellow-throated Vireo which was a new species to him. In a small marsh was a single pair of Red-winged Blackbirds. They had a nest. Saw a few Mourning Dove and Red-headed Woodpeckers. Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were tolerably common.
On a little hill a couple of rods from a house. He showed me a Quail's nest

with 15 eggs in it. The old let us approach to within 10 feet before she left the nest. Then Edmund went away and I walked down to the Mississippi. Saw a pair of Kingbirds carrying material to a nest in a little elm. Saw 2 ~~mal~~ Western Meadowlark. The song was so entirely different that I did not know what it was. Saw some Wood Thrushes. By the river I saw a Crested Flycatcher on a dead limb. The woods were a heavily timbered bottom like those at home. Redstarts and Least Flycatchers were common.

The river was about ⅓ or ½ mile broad. It had a very swift current. There was a small island in it here. There was shallow water on this side but I could not go over because of the current. Bank Swallows were common. They were flying around over the river. I saw some Spotted Sandpipers. Song Sparrows were thick.
Then I went home.

June 14 Friday.
Edmund and I rode over to Fort Snelling on our wheels this morning. Saw a great number of House Wrens

in full song. Mourning Doves were abundant. Below Fort Snelling a great many Bank Swallows. Wood Pewees and Redstarts were fairly represented. The Bank Swallows were nesting in the soft sandstone cliffs by the hundreds. One could watch them so far below that they could hardly be heard as they went in and out of what looked ~~little~~ pinholes.
Then we went home.

June 16, Sunday.
This afternoon we went out for a walk. Saw a number of Catbirds and found several

Bluejay's and a Mourning Dove's nest. Scared up a Brown Thrasher and hunted for its nest but did not find it. Visited the Quail's nest. The old one sat on it and let us look at her for some time. Then she flew over into the bushes a few feet away. Her color matched that of the leaves perfectly.
It began to rain and we went home.

June 18, Wednesday.
This morning we went on an excursion down the Mississippi on the steamer Lora. Birds were abundant.

Bank Swallows circled about in countless numbers.
The steamer was surrounded by Black Terns at times. They were new birds to me. They hung and flew in the air as lightly as a feather or a Cooper's Hawk. At times they gave a harsh shreik in little keeping with their apearence. The body was black. back and wings grey. under-tail coverts white. They hovered over the stone breakwaters in considerable numbers. The farther down we went islands became more numerous. One one I saw over a dozen Green Herons.

and there were many others
not in sight probably. The
kept crossing in front of the
steamer all the time. Saw
a few Great Blue Herons.
Kingfishers were quite
numerous.

June 22, Saturday.
Today we went on an
excursion up the river
Edmund and I kept a list of
the birds we saw. Black
Terns were moderately abundant.
On a piece of ground under
a drawbridge were a few
Bronzed Grackles. Herons
of both species were abundant.
A pair of Great Blues

kept flying along and
lighting in the trees in front
of the steamer for a long
distance.
On the Minnesota River I saw
a Kingbird feed its young as
the steamer passed. The nest
was on a dead limb hanging
over the water.
Blackbirds and Bobolinks were
quite common we saw them
in damp meadow mostly.
For the first time I saw a
Roughwinged Swallow. It
came skimming along just
above the water all alone. I
knew by the uniform color
of the under parts. We saw
two. It seemed a trifle less

erratic in flight than the Bank Swallows. The latter dipped into the water continually to drink. We saw 34 Birds.

1. Black Tern.
2. Great Blue Heron.
3. Green Heron.
4. Spotted Sandpiper.
5. Mourning Dove.
6. Red-shouldered Hawk
7. Belted Kingfisher
8. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker
9. Flicker.
10. Chimney Swift
11. Kingbird
12. Wood Pewee
13. Least Flycatcher
14. Bluejay.
15. Cowbird

16. Red-winged Blackbird
17. Meadowlark
18. Baltimore Oriole
19. Bronzed Grackle
20. House Sparrow
21. American Goldfinch
22. Song Sparrow
23. Rose-breasted Grosbeak
24. Indigo Bunting.
25. Scarlet Tanager
26. Purple Martin
27. Cliff Swallow
28. Bank Swallow
29. Rough-winged Swallow
30. Cedar Waxwing.
31. Red-eyed Vireo
32. Warbling Vireo
33. Yellow Warbler
34. Maryland Yellowthroat.

35 Redstart
36 Catbird
37 House Wren
38. Wood Thrush
39. Robin

June 24, Monday.
This morning Edmund and I took out a car to the Indian Mounds. We had our dinner. Went on down to the river. Saw some young White-breasted Nuthatches just out of the nest. They sat quietly waiting their turn to be fed.
By the round house we saw a number of House Sparrow's nests in a ledge of Rocks in holes. Went on to the river. House

Wren were common. Saw a nest in a Woodpecker hole. it contained young. A well trodden path ran along the river. I was glad to get into Heavy wooded bottoms again. On summit the woods are oak. Here a queer wild reedy flutelike song coming apparently from nowhere. A repetition gave the direction but it always seemed to be the same distance away. Finally I saw the bird. The upperparts were olive brown, white line over eye. underparts white, streaked with black. It was the Wilson's or Thrush.

a little farther on we came to a number of sloughs and had to take off our shoes. Here we saw a few Black terns. Near a little pond I heard a sharp note which I knew came from a Spotted Sandpiper. Edmund had never seen one so we hunted for it. It was sitting on a limb - which was something new to me that stuck out of the ground. I thought from its movements that it had young as it ran along in front fluttering its wings. Its mate joined it. I went up to where it had been sitting and a young

one ran out of the grass. I had expected to find it along the water. I caught and it gave a note like weep. something like a young dove. The upper parts were fawn changing to grey on the head; Black stripe on crown, back and through eye; underparts white; tail represented by a few long hairs; bill slate bordered with a black band and tipped with white tarsus yellow and slate. thigh streaked and spotted with black. ~~It~~

It took to the water like a young duck. It went into the pond of its own accord. When I tried to catch it it dove and

stayed under for half a minute
It swam with its wings and
feet just its tail and head showed
above water. While diving
it swam with its wings
and left its feet sticking straight
out behind. Sometimes it
went down and left its feet
sticking out of the water. We
took it out of the water and it
ran and hid in the grass
a ways farther on we
came to slough that we could
not cross. Terns were very
thick here. They had their nests
across the slough.
Then we turned back. Found
a Wren's nest in a tree but
could not reach it.

June 26, Wednesday.
Last night at 11:10 we started
for home. It grew light at
2 o'clock this morning.
I kept track of all the birds
that I saw. When the train
stopped at stations I could
hear Chewinks and many
other birds singing.
Mourning Doves were in
sight most of the time. They
sat on fences and trees and
flew along with the train.
Red-winged Blackbirds were
very common. The land was
quite wet and marshy.
Crows were flying in all
directions. Saw a Quail in
the ditch by the track and

heard one whistle.
1. Song Sparrow.
2. Pigeon Hawk.
3. Robin.
4. Goldfinch.
5. Cooper's Hawk.
6. Bobwhite.
7. Warbling Vireo.
8. Red-headed Woodpecker.
9. Bluejay.
10. Cliff Swallow.
11. Bank Swallow.
12. Spotted Sandpiper.
13. Bronzed Grackle.
14. Phoebe.
15. Chipping Sparrow.
16. Indigo Bunting.
17. Chewink
18. Field Sparrow

19. Maryland Yellowthroat.
20. Scarlet Tanager.
21. Ovenbird.
22. Red-eyed Vireo.
23. Crow.
24. Purple Martin
25. Kingbird
26. Mourning Dove.
27. House Sparrow.
28. Meadowlark.
29. Red-winged Blackbird.
30. Flicker.
31. Chimney Swift.

This afternoon Art Rudy showed a Bobolink's nest in Jean Bonnels hay field. It was built in a little hole and was made of grass. It was a

simple cup. It contained two eggs. They were whitish spotted thickly with grey and had large predominant spots of very dark chocolate. They were about as large as a Song Sparrows egg.

Found a number of Catbirds nests with both young and eggs in them.

June 30, Sunday.
This afternoon I went over to the Hemlocks. It was quite warm. Bird life was abundant but was kept in check by the heat. An occassional Ovenbird burst into a sudden

outburst of song and as quickly relapsed into silence.

I went over and laid under the cool hemlocks on the east Bluff above the river. My attention was soon attracted to by the cries of a young bird to a Black-throated Green Warbler feeding its young in the top of a Hemlock a number of feet above me. I climbed up there but the young two in number were just able to fly enough so that I could not capture them and pursuit was rendered difficult by the smallness of the limbs on which I rested. So I was fain to be content with watching the old ones

feed them. This it did fearlessly though I was only a few feet off. I took the following description of it. upperparts olive green; upper breast black; lower breast yellow; throat yellow; white bar and patch on wing; the tail was notched; The notes given by the young were tsee, zeae, zee, ee, tsee-e-e, repeated over and over many times each. They were fed frequently through on what I could not learn

Then I went home.

July

July 7, Sunday.

This afternoon I went over to the Hemlock Bluffs. I was going along up above when a female ovenbird came off her nest at my feet. She flew for about three feet and then hopped swiftly along the ground with her wings stretched above her back trembling visibly. She gave a note continued by like tsip in a very thin, high tone. She kept around calling anxiously but was invisible

The was made of grass leaves and roots and was arched over. It was under a bunch of grass with the entrance toward the north. It was situated in a grove of elm, ash and oak saplings and trees.
It contained four young just feathering out. They had very long legs and will probably leave the nest before they are able to fly.

July 14, Sunday
This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. It was rather sharp but the sun came up warm and

bright. Cliff Swallows were very thick and seemed much excited. They flew around low down and occasionally a few would up until about 300 or 400 feet up and then circle around call excitedly. At times 200 or more would light on the side of the schoolhouse in the sun and fairly blackened it. They were in continual motion coming and going constantly. As if with a common impulse they would leave the building calling loudly, circle a few times and then go back. Their notes made a great volume of sound. They seemed to consider me as an enemy

and circled around and round my head calling angrily. The whole air seemed full of them. Their notes were peur peur, chu chu, and cha.

Warren Fiske came down to his pasture. I showed him some Bobolinks and he called them Skunk Blackbird rather an unpleasant name.

July 21, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast I went down on Luby's Peninsula. It was warm and sunny. Some Catbirds seemed much agitated and I soon found a young

evidently just out of the nest. It could fly a little but progressed mostly by hops from one twig to another. It had very long legs and no tail to speak off. It flitted its wings when it flew exactly like an old one. I tried to catch it but could not. It fell into the water but soon scrambled out no wise the worse. The upper parts were very dark slaty gray; head and tail darker and wings a little lighter than back. The underparts were more ashy.

July 28, Sunday.
This morning I went

down in the fields after breakfast. It was a trifle too hot for comfort and not many birds were out.
Saw a Meadowlark chasing a Kingbird and for once the latter appeared to be afraid. Heard a Catbird give a fall note like teil. They keep rather close nowadays.
Heard the trembling, quavering fall song of the Song Sparrow. This song ripples and quivers along with a few bursts of clear music and taken all together sounds rather nice, especially at this season. It has a somewhat wren like quality.

August.

August 4, Sunday.
This morning before breakfast I went down in Maine's woods. In one of the big elms by the river I saw a Nashville Warbler a new bird to me. The underparts were bright yellow; head ashy; back olive green; wings blackish. It was quite restless and fed on dexterously caught insects. It kept rather in the lower branches and was hard to find against the light.

after breakfast I went down below again. Saw a Redstart flutter and climb up the steep side of an old elm that slanted like this /. It picked out the insects from the bark and gave a twittering song.
Saw a Chipping Sparrow feeding her young just out of the nest.
In Seeley's Marsh were about 20 Bobolinks. They had shed thier tails and were not very wild. flight seemed to be a matter of great difficulty and was accomplished with a noisy flapping of the wings. Perhaps this accounted for their tameness.
Saw a few Red-wings and Song Sparrows and a single

Dickcissel. Heard a Rose-breasted Grosbeak give a low squeaky hesitating song.
Crossed the river in a boat and watched four Bobwhites, two males and two females. They were feeding like chickens in a grassy meadow I sneaked up and watched them from behind a bank. The male acted like a rooster. They did not know what I was and when I stood up staid still for a minute in complete astonishment.
Saw a Kingbird eating Black Cherries across the river and a Red-head fed her young on them.

August 9, Friday.
This morning I heard a Water Thrush. It gave a note like a Redstart. It was walking around among the stones and on the mud near Snider's bridge. As long as I kept still it would work up close to me but as soon as I moved it flew around the bend calling excitedly.

August 18, Sunday.
This morning about six I went down in the fields. Along the ditch were a few Indigo Buntings, Song Sparrows Catbirds and a single Maryland Yellowthroat. In Macnie's woods Song Sparrows were thick. One or two sang

giving both spring and fall song. The common note was tsut or tsap mingled with a few chirps. Wood Pewees were common and I saw a few Cedar Waxwings. In one place the ground was fairly carpeted with thistle down pulled out by the goldfinches.

Went over towards Seeley's Marsh. Black Cherries were ripe and I climbed into a large tree. Waxwings flew out of the top as I scrambled up and Catbirds mewed at me from the bushes. A young Red-head circled around the tree several times trying to make up his mind to light but finally flew to the fence and lit on a post. From there he made short trips to the ground and hopped

around picking up grasshoppers.
For the first time I know saw a Mourning Dove sitting on a wire near him. It sat perfectly still for a long time.
Redheads were very thick across the river. They drummed, called and chased each other around as though it was spring.
Saw a number of Bobolinks and red wings in the marsh. One Bobolink gave such a queer note that I did not recognise it at first.
Jim and I went over to the Humbecks. We sat down in the cave and I heard a curious whistling cluck coming from a clump of elders about 40 feet off. It was a male ruffed grouse and soon after I saw him he flew.

September.

September 29, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast I went down by Leiders bridge. There was a large flock of Cedar Waxwings and Robins here. They were eating grapes. A few of the Robins hunted on the ground. They were quite wild.
It ~~dark~~ was a dark and threatened rain.
Saw some Red-eyed Vireo's. They were wild and gave a note like tsip tseet. Went across the bridge and followed the river to the swimming hole. The cedar Waxwings were eating grapes. They gave beady notes like tsik.

Scared up an Olive backed
Thrush from some weeds. Soon
saw another. They flew up
and sat still looking at me.
One gave a note that sounded
like hitting a tumbler with
your hand when it is full of
water. If I tried to get closer
they immediately flew. There
were a number of White-
throated Sparrows in the
weeds and a fair sprinkling
of Song Sparrow. Saw 3 or
4 Field Sparrows which is some-
thing unusual for this ground.
Went over in T. Hacketts woods
I heard two or three faint
seep but paid no attention
to them. A Chipmunk

gave a warning call and
6 or 8 Juncoes, two field
sparrows and some Chipping
Sparrows flew up from a
field and lit above with
frightened notes. They
evidently thought that some
danger threatened.
An Olive-backed Thrush
flew up with a note like
free and then gave a faint
hook. The east side of the
woods was deserted except
for a few gray squirrels and
a single White breasted
Nuthatch who ran up and
down a tree calling loudly
and seemingly much
disturbed about something

as I got over on the western side a few more species became noticeable. Saw several Brown Creepers and a female Redstart. An Ovenbird walked along a dead tree in front of me and a Winter Wren scolded loudly. Heard a faint hissing note and looking up saw my first Black-throated Blue Warbler. underparts white. throat and sides Black. upperparts slaty blue. crown and primaries black white spot on wing. It was very restless and ranged from the undergrowth to the tops of the trees. It acted much

like a Redstart. Then I started for home. Scared the Juncoes out of the same place. A small flock of Song Sparrows along the river fought among themselves and then sang. Then I went home.

This afternoon I went over across the river. It was cloudy and windy and birds were scarce. I saw none at all in the ravines. In Volls woods were a few Myrtle Warblers and Chicadees and Kinglets of the Ruby-crowned species. The Chicadees were busy getting larvae from the dogwood seeds.

October.

October 24, Thursday.
This afternoon in Baraboo I went over by the railroad track after school. I was sitting down when I heard the clear whistled note of a Northern Shrike. They were very difficult to describe. They had a very clear sound and some were almost bell-like. It flew out of some bushes to a tree and then curved up to a perch just as it had dropped down when leaving its former one. The flight was flapping, straight, and steady. It hopped up through the tree until the top was reached when it gave the notes again.

The Tree Sparrows knew of its presence very evidently, for it was almost impossible to flush them and they were silent.

October 25, Friday.
This morning after breakfast I was standing by Hall's barn in Baraboo when a flock of about 65 Rusty Blackbirds flew over. They just missed the tops of the trees. The flight was steady and at times undulating. They sang and called in a grand medley. The song was bubbling and flute-like but was neither clear nor well-sustained. Its rollicking effect was rather

marred by the harsh notes mingled with it. The main body flew in a loose formation and stragglers followed a short distance behind. The shape of the flock continually changed and undulated as though with waves.

About ten o'clock Jim Luhy and I went down by the Plum Orchard. A calf had been butchered here and about 25 Crows had gathered to feed on the refuse. They had a sentinel posted in a large tree which was also occupied by a Red-tailed Hawk. When we were about fifteen rods off

it sounded the alarm with a few low caws. Then Jim climbed onto a fence post to get a better view and they all flew. A number of them lit over in Lyons Woods. We sat down by the river and every little while a scout would fly out circle over us and go back. Pretty soon three lit in a tree across the river. Another scout came over and circled back without moving its wings. The leader farther over called cah cah cah cah and two flew over to him. One of those left called and the leader answered and the remaining two left. He was evidently calling them in.

When we first saw the Redtail we thought was a very large crow and did not discover our mistake until it flew when the crows did. A number of Crows chased it and it mounted so high that they left it. It was the largest I think I ever saw. It was a female by its large size. It sat in the tree facing us with its head drawn down on its shoulders. It appeared rather logy and probably had been feeding on that calf.

Two male White-breasted Nuthatches were running up and down the tripod over the calf. They spread their tails and called fight if they got to

close to each other. They were getting suet and hiding it in the trees for winter probably.

Across the river from Kapellie we picked up an old Oriole's nest. It was so strongly woven that we could hardly tear it apart. The twigs that it was fastened to were still in it and were strongly held. It was composed of tough weather-beaten fibres from weeds a year old, horse hair, cow hair, and sheep's wool. It was mostly made of fibres. I think the reason that it fell was because the twigs broke. It could hardly have been torn from its fasten-

October 27, Sunday.
This morning it was sharp and frosty. About seven o'clock. Along the river were great flocks of Tree Sparrows. They were tame and allowed me to approach closely. a few Juncoes that were with them were more timorous and gave the kissing note incessantly. They sang a little and fed on the ground. When two approached too near each other a chase through the bushes was the result. The cold did not seem to affect them in the least. They seemed to feel that I was not part of the landscape and kept working farther and farther away until all were

gone except two Juncoes who kept up a vigorous chipping while I was in sight. The Tree Sparrows kept up their notes all the time. A little later one of them sang in response to the call of a goldfinch.
Saw a number of Rusty Blackbirds flying around. The called vigorously and were spread out over a considerable distance. One in the distance kept up a song in answer to the others. It was like

chip le Kur Ku lee

given in much the same tone as the Redwing's song. In a flock that I saw later were three or four Redwings.

They gave notes like chick and chuck and flew to the south.
A Crow flew over with a long drawn ca-aw ca-aw He was flying due west at a good rate of speed about six rods above the ground. His flight was straight and flapping. The wings moved steadily at the same rate of so many beats to the minute All the time I was out I could hear many others calling.
Quite a number of Purple Finches were wandering around. Their callnote sound like a bell when it is struck while your hand is on it. The notes had rather an

indefinite character and were hard to locate. When the birds were found they were generally quite close while the notes sounded far away. If they passed near the sun an occasional glimpse of red might be seen.

After breakfast I heard some Pine Siskins over by Mr & Mrs. Pettys and went over there. There were about 10 of them feeding on pigweed and pigeon grass. As soon as they saw me they flew up calling wildly and after circling around lit in the big elm. The flight was

bounding and erratic to a degree. They gave a hard rolling note like chicky-chicky or ticky ticky and the usual squeeling chea or tsea.
Down back of Seeley's I heard an American goldfinch singing. The song was quite long but lacked the loudness and joyousness that characterize it in the breeding season. The bird seemed to be alone.

This afternoon I went down in Seeley's Marsh. Found an old Song Sparrow's nest of this year that had been built up on top of a still older one. It must have been a favorite site.

The nest was five feet above the ground in a tag alder. It was firmly fixed and was made of coarse marsh grass.
Crows were in full force by the Plum Orchard. Two started to come from some distance off and three in the trees gave a harsh note like caw-caw caw caw; the two parts being given with a slight pause in between. The two coming who were seperated by a distance of about 80 rods answered giving the same note in a harder higher tone. Immediately four Crows came up from the woods and divided two going to meet each one. They met

and circled back and performed the whole distance to the woods with set wings and going like bullets. They looked like huge bows as they descended to the level of the woods in great swooping bounds seeming to fairly rebound from the air as they checked at the end of each descent.

As I approached them I gave a crow callnote and immediately they all flew up cawing loudly. Several mounted high in the air and circled around without moving their wings. They kept their feet drawn close up to their bodies and turned their heads

fearlessly in all directions. One even bent its head down under its breast to look at me after it had passed. I counted twenty-one in the air at once and others sat in the trees. In one place where they had been sitting on a fence their droppings gave off a very disagreeable odor which was noticeable at six or eight feet away.

I sat down by the Plum Orchard and soon saw a bird walking on a bit of lawn like grass across the river and by the use of my opera glass discovered several others. They were Red-winged Blackbirds

They walked along in a hurried manner, picking at the grass each one trying to be first. One was some distance behind the main flock and saw me and gave the alarm. The flew into an elm above me with notes like kweet, kweet and the usual chuck. Then the first one gave the alarm again and they flew away. These written of them.

By Muskrat creek I climbed a tree and sat down. Two White-breasted Nuthatches fussed and talked to each other across the river and then flew into my tree. They hunted around and called sociably to each other

One had a piece of suet probably from that cow. It tried one crevice of the bark with it but that did not suit and so it pulled it out and put it in another. It was trying to hide it. It hammered it down and then nibbled it a little to see if it was tight. Then it picked off a tiny bit of bark and hammered it down over it and then left satisfied. Question: Do they ever get things hidden like this again?

After the sun went down the Juncos flew into Jack's Marsh to roost in a straggling flock. There were about 25 of them. They flew from the fields where they had been feeding to a fallen

tree and then to another and then to the marsh. They quarreled and fought in the air. They became quiet as soon as they reached the marsh.

Then two Downy Woodpeckers began to call and chase each other before going to roost. The notes they gave were much like those of the flicker but were not so clear. They were like tawy tawy repeated rapidly. They gave queé queé also. This performance was repeated twice and was probably caused by the breeding instinct.

October 28, Monday.
This morning as I went

by the Lyon's Bridge on No. 10 I saw a Pied-billed Grebe. It was sitting on the bank and when the train came along jumped into the water and swam rapidly towards the middle of the river. It did not look very big. It made a deep wave as it swam though its body showed no muscular movement. The train passed before I could see whether it dove or not. On shore it sat nearly upright and walked with a waddle.

October 30, Wednesday.
This morning as I went to Baraboo on No. 8 I saw a number of Crows in Teel's Pasture. They were on a bush

fall growth of grass. They were all afraid of the train except one. He sat in the grass and watched it go by. He was crouched down ready to start in an instant and looked at it fearfully. The others flew to a freshly plowed strip in the next field and lit again. There were about 20 of them. When they lit they let their feet hang in some cases and sailed for about 20 feet before lighting. Only a few did this.

October 31, Thursday.
This morning at Halls in Baraboo as I sat by my

window studying three House Sparrows lit on the top of the porch about four feet away. They seemed rather wet and drooped their tails. One male had his feathers all puffed out. There was a railing around the top of the porch with spikes about six inches high projecting from it. He sat in between two of them. A female lit on one of the spikes a little beyond him and turned around on it.

This seemed to anger him and he flew at her and knocked her off and then chased her off through the trees. Art Hall rapped on the window and the remaining one

looked up but was not afraid. After a while it flew off.

Tonight I was up by Dr Erwin's. Heard a Screech Owl wailing to himself some distance off. to the west. It was so far away that I could not distinguish much except a shuddering trembling note. I heard it several times. This is my first record of the Screech Owl for this locality

November.

November 1, Friday.

This afternoon I saw a curious instance of latent breeding instinct in a this years male English Sparrow. It was hopping around in the road with several others and would pick up a straw and drop it for a better one. Then it flew up to an awning with one and went into a fold of it. It seemed to be trying the place for it soon tried another. Then it came out and still for awhile with the straw in its mouth; It soon let it drop and watched interestedly and then flew away.

This afternoon about sundown over in the Park I watched a Great Horned Owl wake up.

It sat in a large elm about thirty feet up. It turned its head around and gave a few harsh rasping notes. This is the only note these Park Owls seem to have and is one of defiance I think. It was accompanied generally with a loud snap of the bill. After giving this note it stretched one wing out and closing its foot put it under it and held it there for about half a minute. Then it did the same with the other side and then sat still awhile. Next it fluffed out its feathers and seemed to be fully awake. It notes were given with more emphasis now.

November 2, Saturday.
This afternoon I was down by the depot. Twelve Canada Geese flew over. They were low down and were going at a moderately fast pace. They were looking for a place to light but passed to the south of the millpond. They were going a little Southeast and were in the wedge formation. They were silent. It was warm and pleasant but I think from seeing them that it will change.

It snowed that night.

November 3, Sunday.
This afternoon by Douglas'

store I saw a Mississippi Kite fly over about 150 feet up. It came sailing down from the north on the wind without never a stroke of its wings. It teetered from side to side and used its tail for a balance. The Sparrows showed no fear of it as they do of other Hawks. It went a few points west of south. From below it seemed to have a pure white body with a black tail and black tipped wings. It was very beautifully and strikingly marked and seemed out of place in the freezing air and snow-covered ground. It was probably driven here

by the cold.

November 4, Monday.

This morning it was about +10°. Saw juncoes in the lumber yards. There were three of them all males. They gave a note like tz-z with the z strong and a faint z sound at the end. The snow was melted away from the pile to a distance of about two feet. They picked at the weeds and chased each other around. They were waiting for the sun to rise. They were not so wild as common when it is warmer and they seemed loth to leave their sheltered place and let me pass by.

by at a distance of 15 feet without flying.

In Baraboo about half past seven it was about 10° warmer but a cold west wind was blowing. A Purple Finch lit in the top of a large elm at the corner of West and second avenue and sang. The song was loud and clear but was fragmentary in character. Then it flew on again not seeming to mind the cold in the least.

A little farther on I saw a golden-crowned Kinglet in a box elder - something unusual

for this time of year. It seemed quite happy and hopped around calling and singing quite a loud song. There were several others around in the shelter of the arbor Vitae and Norway Spruces. They prefer the evergreens in the fall and winter.

Tonight after school I heard a harsh Kra Kra from over by Anderson's two houses east of Hall's. I knew that it was a Northern Shrike and went over there. It was hopping around in some berry-bushes and calling with all its might. It would spread one wing

a little farther than the other, and shake them. I was about 20 feet away but could not see what it was after. Suddenly I saw another Shrike on the ground that kept its head turned towards the other all the time. I approached a little closer and saw that the one on the ground had an English Sparrow which it was guarding from the first. I had heard that they could be caught while eating. This one had evidently had enough to eat but was loth to leave its prey. It edged away just out of reach while I picked the sparrow up. It was

stone cold and had its head eaten off. The first one flew off and the other lit in a plum tree. I shook the sparrow and it showed interest, leaning forward and following every motion by raising and lowering its body. Then I went to the house and got my opera-glass. After a short time the one that had the sparrow lit in the bushes and gave a hard steely whistle like stur-ee. Then it came down to the sparrow again. The other immediately flew down and lit in the bushes and commenced to call Kra Kra, varied to Kwee Kwee. Once it gave a low explosive note

like tsuk. I approached closer and the one on the ground picked up the sparrow and hopped six or eight feet with it. The other flew down at it and they began to fight. Neither would retreat and they sat back on their tails and began to scream and pick at each other. I was only a short distance off. I tried to catch them but they flew off, the first one seen in the lead and the other chasing it. A woman in the house nearby said that they had been fighting all day. The Sparrow had been dead some time for it was stone-cold. A male Sparrow lit in a

tree to see what the matter was. It jerked its tail excitedly. I saw where the Sparrow had been caught. Two Sparrows had lit in the snow. They hopped together and began to feed. Then near one track was the faint impression of wings. Near the other a blurred impression with two large tracks near it.

I took the following description of the Shrike. Back and crown ashy, black line through eye to ear; primaries and secondaries black; secondaries and tertials edged with white; tertials colored to scapulars; tail, black, graduated; outer tail feathers white on under side; inner feathers black.

The one that I saw first kept its tail spread most of the time. Its underparts were finely grained with brownish. I hung the sparrow on a thorn.

November 6, Wednesday.
The woman that lived in the house nearby said that the Shrikes were there quite early and were fighting hard. The Sparrow which I had put on a thorn was gone this evening though I saw it in the morning about eight o'clock.

November, 7, Thursday.
This morning I heard one of the Shrikes scream and went

over there after getting my opera-glasses. I had seen it fly into the bushes but could not find it again. The English Sparrow kept in the Oak and Pine trees and were very quiet. It was about ten minutes before the Sparrow began to feed again chirp again. It was ~~not~~ very cold with a hard North West wind and an overcast sky.

November 8, Friday.
This noon while down in the switches I saw an English Sparrow with a white feeding with a number of others. It was a female.

November 10, Sunday.
This morning after breakfast I went down in the fields. In Seeley's Marsh I saw two male juncos. One started to fly away but thought better of it and circled around and lit in a willow with the other again. It gave a rapid run-together note like tsip-it tsip-it. While flying it gave a note like tsip tsip tsip slower than the first. Then both of them flew into another bunch of willows. The flight was tipping like that of the Chickadee and the tail was spread with every stroke of the wings. They flew quite fast and changed their direction every three or four strokes making

their flight erratic. They and the Tree Sparrows fly exactly alike.

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